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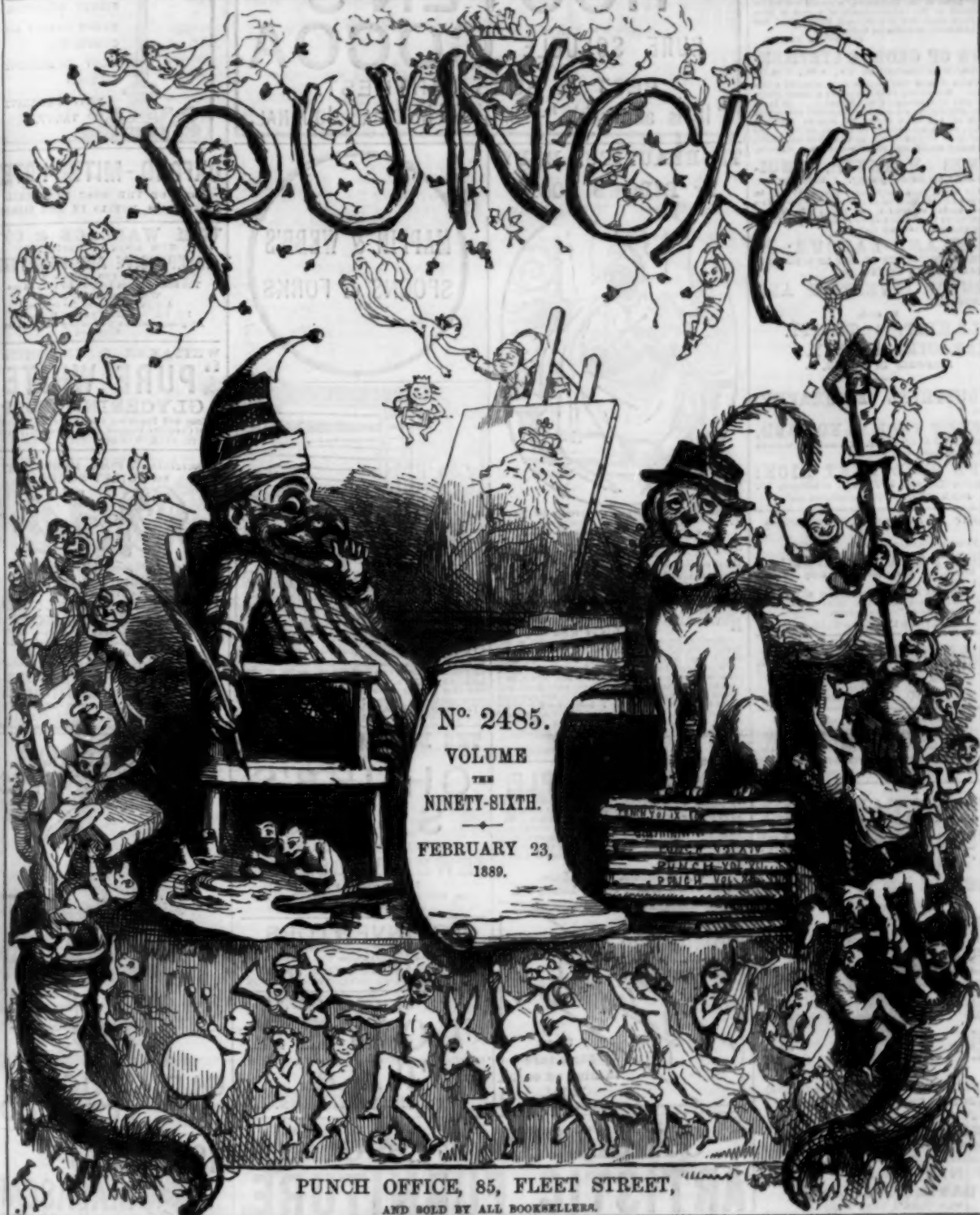
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'ARRY ON THE ICE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow's Eighty-nine serving you? First time I've wrote yer this year. It's a pelting like fun as I start, and we're in for a drencher, I fear. Skates to-day seems as useless as snow-shoes; I've only 'ad mine on me twice, But I do want to tip yer the tale of the gammock I had on the hicc.

The year began topping, dear pal, though old blokes as would doss in a bog So long as 'twas muskily warm, did complain of the frost and the fog. Fog and frost! The old gonophs may grumble along o' the cold and the dark, But they do me a treat. Who wants light when you're out for a lap and a lark?



Oh wish as they'd stay a mite longer, the frost more pertikler, old pal. That's the wust of our climate, confound it! It's jest like a flirty young gal. On the shift and the shove all the time. 'Ardly got your old skates out of pop, When the ponds, as wos stone in the mornin', at night is all alither and slop.

I don't lose no time I assure you; as soon as the puddles gits friz I'm down to the parks like a popgun; it's sure to be tidy good biz.

If yer can't mount the irons, my pippin, and go for a fair rattle round, There is sure to be some barney on if there's mivvies and mugs on the ground.

Oh, the mugs and the mivvies, dear CHARLIE! Wot would life be wuth without them? [took 'EM.

It is sech as gives sport to hus snide 'uns. I went to Hyde Park and You know little 'EM of the Boro'; as smart as they make 'em she is, And I don't know a dashing'er and at a 'op and a bottle of fizz.

Couldn't skate, so I hofferred to learn her; in course she wos on like a shot; You trust 'er, old man; she knows 'ARRY, and twigs that he's up to wot's wot. Pooty foot, too, she 'as, and no error; I tell yer it fair did me proud, [crowd. When I screw'd on the steels to them trotters, and steered her along through the

I'd been the day prevyus, but, bless you, the Bobbies was then on the ramp, And the trees was all 'ung with "Prohibits," the hicc bein' thin-like and damp. "Ware, oh!" wos the cry; but we worked 'em, mate, me and jest two or three more,

Till the hicc-men wos reglar at sea, and the crushers went dotty ashore.

We dodged 'em, we did ducks and drakes with big stones as went skiidding along, And bashed one or two gals on the hankles. In course this wos rorty and wrong; But the fun of it, CHARLIE, the fun of it! Lor', I did laugh fit to crack, When I shied a big chunk at a hicc-hole, and caught a old bloke in the back.

He 'owled and went down like a hegg, and the crushers was soon on the nick, But A I ain't a sprinter, and 'ARRY for BOBBY's a trifle too quick. So we kep up the barney, dear boy, till the ice-men and slops wos that riled That they pooty nigh bust, and the ice, so the papers all spluttered, wos spiled.

Spiled! We didn't find it so, CHARLIE, not me and 'EM BATES didn't; no, Bit rough and out-up round the edge; but we chanced it, and didn't we go? 'EM wos jest a bit sprawly, in course, and we sometimes came down with a run. But who cares for a cropper or two? Wy, the gals think it ar' of the fun!

We cannoned a pair of rare toffs, fur and feathers, mate, quite ah lah Roose! We wos all in a pile on the hicc, and the swell he let hout like the doose. But his sable-trimmed pardner, a topper, with tootsies so tiny, dear boy, Well I do not believe she ar' minded, a spill is a thing gals enjoy.

"Old hup, Miss," I sez; "no 'arm done: it's all right hup to now, don'teher know."

And she tipped me a look from her lamps, as was sparklers and fair in a glow. And if she didn't admire me—well, there, 'ARRY don't want to gas, but 'EM BATES Got the needle tremenjus, I tell yer, and threatened to take off the skates.

I soon smoothed 'er feathers down, CHARLIE. But, oh! the rum look and the smile

As that other one tipped me each time as we passed. She'd a heye for true style,

She 'ad, and no error. Lor', bless yer, the right sort they knows the right sort, And that's wy I 'old as Park-skating's a proper Society sport.

Helps the great Modern Mix, my dear feller. You know 'ARRY ain't a low Rad. And if there is one thing I 'ate like bad whiskey, old man, it's a Cad. All your levellers ought to be squelched. Skilly round is the biggest of hums, But the dough in Society's Cake's getting more and more mixed with the plums.

They ain't all at top, not the plums int; it's strabout now, my dear boy, If a gent who ain't flush with the ochre, yet knows 'ow to tog and enjoy, Courts and Clubs, big Ball Marquees, aneotrer, ain't no call to look down on him 'Cos he's one on 'em, CHARLIE, at 'art, though he mayn't 'ave shoved into their swim.

Suppose I struck ile or nicked nitrates! Lor bless yer, the swells would soon find I wos born for their Mix, dear old pal, me and them being all of a mind. [round on the skates, Then me and that sparkler in sables might do a waltz Though at present I 'ave to put up with grey Astrekan cuffs and 'EM BATES.

Well, my turn may come, mate, who knows? There's lots like me now come out top row; Of course the thor bunnicked the hicc hup afore we 'ad 'ad a fair go. [will carry Howsomever, the Winter ain't over; as soon as a kid it The very fust ones on, you bet, will be 'EM, and yours, bobbishly, 'ARRY.

BIG GUNS AND LITTLE ONES.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the Speech of Lord WOLSELEY at the Prize Distribution of the Artists' Rifles (Volunteers). Enter to him the Adjutant-General.

Adjutant-General (saluting). Trust you are satisfied with my little speech, Commander-in-Chief-Commanding-in-Chief.

Mr. Punch. Hum! Flowery as usual. Not quite up to the mark, perhaps, of those wonderful manifestoes you used to send from Egypt, my Lord.

A. G. Well, Sir, you see they were so much better done subsequently by Mr. London County Councillor AUGUSTUS HARRIS, that I thought it as well to discontinue them. But what did you think, Sir, of my reference to the step we are taking in the right direction?

Mr. P. What, getting new swords and bayonets ready, to supply the place of those that broke at Suakin?

A. G. (confusedly). No, Sir, I don't think I touched upon that matter. (Regaining his habitual self-confidence). No, I alluded to the offer that has been made to the Volunteer Artillery of two hundred and fifty-two field-guns.

Mr. P. Pardon me, my Lord—but gammon! Call that a move in the right direction, why they are all of an obsolete pattern?

A. G. But still they will be useful for drill.

Mr. P. And the Volunteers, in exchange for these old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, are to return into store the 40-pounder rifled breech-loaders they already possess! A nice arrangement truly! How are the gunners to learn their breech-loading drill?

A. G. (vaguely). By joining Schools of Instruction or something.

Mr. P. Come, come, my Lord, you are too sensible to mean what you say. As a matter of fact only officers are entitled to attend the schools. And how many (non-coms. and commissioned combined) can afford the time?

A. G. (shifting his ground). Well, Sir, at any rate, it's introducing a novelty.

Mr. P. It hasn't even that questionable merit. There were numerous Volunteer Field Brigades (one of the best was the 3rd Middlesex Artillery) until the War Office took it into (what it is pleased to call) its head to break them up.

A. G. Well, Sir, as I suppose, we shall have to submit to you, in the long run, what would you advise?

Mr. P. I advise nothing! I order that the obsolete guns be returned into store, and that ones of the latest pattern with all the most recent improvements be served out to the Volunteers in their stead.

A. G. (grumpily). Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. Just see that the Reserve of Officers (that most useful body of men) are properly treated. After a man has served twenty years, grant him a step of brevet rank. It is only just. The auxiliary Forces have this advantage, why not the Reserve?

A. G. (making a note in his book). Certainly, Sir. Yes, Sir. I will see that your suggestion is carried out. Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. I am busy. So you, my Lord, can go! [Lord WOLSELEY salutes and exits, while Mr. Punch gives his mind to matters of more serious import.

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MAMMONITE THRIFT! OR, THE HEROD OF OUR DAYS.



Mr. Punch. "ESTIMATES! YES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FURTHER FOR YOU TO LOOK AFTER, MR. SMITH—THE SURPLUS POPULATION!"

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial-fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones."

Tennyson's "Maud."

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"It is clear, he remarks, that to allow a poor parent to effect an insurance on his child's life gives him a direct interest in its death."—The "Times" on Mr. Braxton-Hicks's Letter.

"THRIFT, thrift!" Oh, convenient Death!
Wise counsel he whispereth under his breath
Into pitiful poverty's ear!
Poverty makes even parentage keen
At catching his sinister hints. 'Tis a scene

For a new *Danse Macabre*; that bald bony now!
Crape-canopied craftily set cheek-by-jowl

With the conscienceless vassal of Beer.
"Thrift, thrift!" It is surely the last subtle shift
Of the Spectre to pose as a preacher of Thrift!

True, Mammon and Mors have been ever allies;
But here is a scene that might almost surprise
The Moloch for whom they both cater.

The cynical grin of the fiend of the flame
Might melt to a look of compassionate shame
At sight of the Golden God's last little game,
Which should bring a hot blush to a satyr.



"NOT NEGOTIABLE!"

Impecunious Lodger. "JEMIMA, DID YOU ASK MRS. MAGGLES WHETHER SHE WOULD TAKE MY I. O. U. FOR THIS QUARTER'S RENT, AS I'M RATHER—"

Maid of All Work. "YES, SIR, AND SHE SAY SHE WON'T, SIR, NOT IF YOU WAS TO HOPPER 'ER THE 'OLE HALPHABIT!"

TO CHLOE.

To have some more Supper.

I ASK not again to encircle that waist,
Though prettier never a girdle has graced;
That our feet in the fetters of rhythmical bars
May twinkle together, like hide-and-seek
stars;

I look not again for the flush on thy cheek,
The eyes that of mystical maidenhood speak,
The rabble-some sunlight of clustering curls,
And the dancing delight of the dearest of
girls;

I seek not to bind you for waltzes far on,
When one, or the other, or both, may be gone,
Nor to throw others over, with falsehood and
pain,—

But let us, my fair one, have supper again.
Should I slip in alone I should quail at the eye
Of the waiter who served me with turkey and
pie,

Who plensished my plate with the choicest of
And filled up my glass with assiduous care.
But happy and bold with a chivalrous grace,
With you for my object I'll make for a place.
I do not desire you to drink or to eat, [sweet,
Coquette with the Clicquot, or toy with a
But I, gentle lady, with might and with main,
Will really and truly have supper again.

Then leave we the Arabs, Venetians, and Japs,
The satin-skinned beauties in charity caps,
The tricky young pinafores creatures in
socks, [clocks,
And the slim scintillations of ankles and
The sweet fishermaid from some myrtle-clad
coast,
The statue diviner than sculpture can boast.

The youth in a velvet of willow-leaf hue,
The dashing Hussar in his medals and blue;
Like pattern in paper on waiting-room wall,
Like crests of the billows, that rise as they
fall,

Love's fancies in endless procession advance,
But supperstands firm in the swirl of the dance.
For you and for me in the wonderful crowd,
Nay, let us confess it, some fancy cries loud,
And the swoop of the music, like gales of the
spring,

Brings tidings of summer to come on its wing.
But I find that the costume of FRANCIS THE
Develops inordinate hunger and thirst; [FIRST
So seek we the supper-room, silent and cool,
With the Bandit and Milkmaid, the Fairy and
Fool,

And list to the soul-racking music unmoved,
And eat unmolested, and laugh unreprieved.
For the world it is weary, and true-love is vain,
So let us, I pray you, have supper again.

POLITICS FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

The following appears in the *Daily News*:—

GOVERNESS, dismissed from Conservative
clergyman's family for her Gladstonian views,
desires the assistance of her party in getting
SITUATION as COMPANION, or to teach young
children, immediately.

Undoubtedly this is a case for the considera-
tion of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the same way, had
the lady been dismissed from a Liberal clergy-
man's family on account of her Salisburian
notions, the matter should have received the
immediate attention of Lord SALISBURY. At
the same time, we object to any Governess

having "views," and we deprecate the intro-
duction of politics into the schoolroom. If
this kind of thing were allowed to go on, poor
PATERFAMILIAS would never have a moment's
peace. When he sought the quiet of his
home he would be made miserable by the
"views" of rosy Radicals or gleesome
Gladstonians; he would be annoyed by the
orations of Home-rulers in home-spun,
Tories in tailor-made frocks, Liberals in lace,
Conservatives in crinoline, Socialists in short
petticoats, and Fenians in frills. In fact, he
would find the house divided in most un-
parliamentary fashion.

A DIGNITARY ON DANCING.

THE Bishop of BEDFORD is willing
That girls for Terpsichore thrilling
Should join in a "hop"

Such as bigots would stop—
Bilious duffers! Bravo, Bishop BILLING!

Nay, more; this most sensible Bishop,
Knowing innocent girlhood will wish hop,
Would lead off the dance
If he had a fair chance!

Bigots will not find custom at his shop!

But, oh! won't these bigots just fish up
Complaints, and a scan: may soon dish up
Against kindly BILLING?

But *Punch* bets a shilling
Good Christians will back up the Bishop.

Sour faces at this will be screwing,
But dancing does not mean undoing.

"Saints" given to curse
Blameless joys, may do worse
Than smile upon BILLING—and Cooing!

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
WHEN I learned that it was your desire that I should, so to speak, sample the London Theatres, not only for the benefit of the Metropolitan Public, but for the information of the greater part of

CHARACTERS IN GOOD OLD TIMES Plate I



"Good Old Blood and Thunder."

the civilised world (always "coming to town"), I was delighted, as I knew I should at length have an opportunity of seeing Mr. WILSON BARRETT once more in a romantic character. This pleasing tragedian is, in my opinion, at his best as a persecuted hero of Melodrama. I admit that some like his *Hamlet* (which certainly is a creation that would not be considered incongruous in the Tottenham Court Road), while others, I confess, find more pathos in his *Claudian*, than in all the "serious moments" of Mr. TOOLE in *Paw Claudian* (good as that popular gentleman is in the character) put together. For all that, personally, I prefer Mr. WILSON BARRETT in some such impersonation as *John Langley* in *Good Old Times*, than in any other. It is delightful to hear him declaiming, in the centre of the stage, the noblest sentiments. It is magnificent to find him brave but luckless during three-fourths of a piece, to come out braver than ever and overwhelmed with good fortune in the last quarter. In *Good Old Times* (I did not quite understand the title, but fancy it may be meant as a subtle compliment to the "leading journal," when I suggest that *Good Old Punch* would be better), Mr. WILSON BARRETT is a Sheriff of Cumberland, who has a mad clergyman known as "*Parson Langley*" (this is the only way I can account for this strange ecclesiastic being seemingly dispossessed of his property by his own son, and certainly wearing the gaiters of a bishop) for a father. As Sheriff, he has married Miss EASTLAKE, who, for some reason or other, shirks meeting the murderer of her father,—a murderer who also happens to be her lover, and who has concealed his identity under an assumed name. Mr. BARRETT becomes jealous of this former lover, when he pays him a visit on Christmas Eve (which is being kept festively in Holme Place, Derwent-water, with two motto-cards and a few sprigs of holly), but upon finding subsequently that he (the murderer) has been shot by his (the Sheriff's) wife, obligingly takes the consequences of Miss EASTLAKE's crime upon his own shoulders. Those consequences entail transportation for a series of years to poor Mr. WILSON BARRETT, for life to Mr. LEWIS WALLER (the excellent representative of the



A Dangerous Situation. The Part-Author with his (fowling-) piece.

villanous early lover of Miss EASTLAKE), and expatriation to Miss EASTLAKE herself. The consequences further entail scenes in a convict settlement, a long panorama, a serio-comic savage, a wholly humorous colonial clergyman, and several sketches of low cockney life. Here let me say that I have discarded the names of the *dramatis personae*, and kept to those of the performers, as the easiest means of identification. To the last I was in doubt about the real title of the heroine, and I fancy had the matter been brought before the learned President of the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, that his Lordship would have been equally puzzled. Perhaps the most pleasing incident

in the play is where Miss EASTLAKE, cleverly disguising herself as MARIE ANTOINETTE, takes her convict husband into her household without his discovering her identity. This is the nobler conduct on her part, as the persecuted Mr. BARRETT continually carries about with him a gun that he handles so recklessly that it must be the terror of all those within its range in the neighbourhood. In the course of this charming situation, Mr. BARRETT laments that he (the infant in question unhappily being defunct) "will never see his baby boy." And there are few who do not join in his sorrow, as a long line of *Langleys* (with speeches to match) is a prospect that offers to most persons a weird fascination. In the last scene the mad "*Parson*" arrives in Tasmania (apparently with the insane idea of causing Miss EASTLAKE to be hanged) is united to his son, and all ends happily. This being so, it is unnecessary to add that the heroine ceases to be MARIE ANTOINETTE by discarding her wig, and, having done so, becomes once again the comely Mrs. Langley.

I can conscientiously recommend *Good Old Times* to those who like the more ancient form of Melodrama. It reminded me frequently of *Good Old Skell*, not to say *Good Old Penny Plain* and



A Theatrical Float. (Sketched from behind the Scenes.)

Twopence Coloured. On the first night the Panorama was a little unmanageable, and consequently it was a comfort to me to see that Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who was very much to the front in a stationary canoe) was accompanied by his Chaplain, as I cannot help thinking that it would have been an extra trial to this always courteous Tragedian had not the presence of a Clergyman exercised a restraining influence upon what would naturally have been, under such trying circumstances, the bent of his eloquence. Had I been in his place as part Author and leading Actor, I know that I should have found great difficulty in uttering noble sentiments behind the scenes to the stage-carpenters. However, all's well that ends well, and *Good Old Times* ended very well indeed. Both Mr. WILSON BARRETT and Miss EASTLAKE received any number of floral souvenirs—a demonstration which gave the former an opportunity of displaying once again his pluck and common sense. This time not behind, but before the curtain. A bouquet caught fire, and Mr. WILSON BARRETT immediately put it out with his boots.

Of the other theatres, I may say that *Nadgy* is doing well at the



A Very Cold Audience. (Suggestion for the Stalls in Mid-winter.)

Avenue, and *The Balloon* at the Strand. Mr. BREKIDOH TREE, I am told, has strengthened his legs in *Sir John Falstaff*, which were thought at first (by the hypercritical) a little thin for the part. This versatile Actor seems to be able to accomplish everything—he can even supply his own understudy! *Pickwick* is flourishing at the Comedy, and *Macbeth* is drawing enormous audiences to the Lyceum.

Visitors to London should go to all the theatres; because, truth to say, there is something worth seeing in every one of them. Probably by the time these lines are published, the weather will be positively charming. However, when I went the rounds, I found the roads covered with ice and snow, and furs and wraps for evening dress *de rigueur*. So cold was it, that it was with genuine reluctance that I found myself

THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

ROBERT WITH THE COUNTY COUNCILLORS.

WHETHER it was quite a wise thing of the old Copperashun to allow the new body as has got to perform the rayther difficult task of guvverning the rest of London in the same grand style as the old City is guvverned, —to meet in their butifool Counsel Chamber, remanes to be seen, but it suttently was a bold and an ansun thing to do, and so in course they did it. And I was there on Toosday last to see how the new-comers behaved themselves.



There wasn't quite the same amount of quiet dignerty and quite -at- homishness among 'em as when the reel owners of the plaice takes their seats, and in course the haspecks of the plaice was sumthink quite diffrent. The new Lord Mare, if he is one, didn't make much of a appearance, for I arldy expects to be bleevd when I says as he didn't wear no butifool Robe of Offis, and still wuss, no Cocked Hat of Power! In course the nateral result follered, and scarcely nobody paid atenshun to what he sed, and so they set to work to elect sumbody else in his plaice, which aashally took 'em just about 2 hours, altho almost everybody was agreed that, as they were most on 'em Raddiels, they coodn't do better than have yung Lord ROSEBERRY. I think as BROWN must have been rong when he told me as they had got nineteen Aldremen among 'em, for I ony seed one a setting on their onnerd bench, and he hadn't no Skarlet Robe on, and, as has bin said, a Alderman without his Skarlet Robe is no ansuner than a live lobster.

The butifool Counsel Chamber seemd just about to fit its new okepants, but I opes as they won't forget as they're ony Quarterly Tennants and allreddy under notice to quit.

I seed quite a lot of the old ritefool Owners up in the Gallery, and they looked on at the rayther noisy pereedings, I think, with more estonishment than hadmirashun. But they had a good menny broad grins at the rayther noomerus mistakes as the yung Counsellors made. Seweral Pints of Order was called for, but, I rayther think, as many on 'em, judging from their thirsty looks, wood have preferred ordering Pints of quite a different kind. Why the wery artiest larf of the hole arternoon was caused by the alushun of one Counsellor to a "Shampane Supper!" Ah, my poor hard-working London Common Counsilmen! you may hutter such delishus words, and cheer 'em to the Ecco, as you did on Tuesday arternoon, but they will never be anything more reel to you than reckleeshuns of a fairy dream!

At the end of the 2 hours of not werry interesting tork, except when one onerabel Counsellor called another onerabel Counsellor a Trayter! Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY was elected Chairman in plaice of the other almost unanimously, and went and took his seat in the Lord Mare's onnerd chair. And then came the treat of the arternoon, and that was the new Chairman's speech, which I most respectly calls a reel staggerer. In the fust plaice he sed as he had never spent two more unumferal hours, for they had all bin a torking about him all that time, and he wasn't alowd to say a word. He then estonished us all, Counsellors, and Common Counselmen, and Waiters, and all by declaring that he quite agreed with the few gentlemen as had woted against him that, neether by traning, or capacity, or xperians, was he at all fit for the plaice! Of course I naterally thort as he was about to give it up, but he didn't, but occuiped the Chair for about two hours, and, allowing for what we're accustomed to in Lord Mares, did it werry credibly. How the old sperrit bubbles up in a true man! One of the new Common Counsellmen, who is also a old Common Counsellman, kept adressing the new Chairman as "My Lord Mare," at which they all larfed, but I've werry little doubt but that my Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY wished as it was true. Who nose but that the singler mistake may be the ferst thing to put the hambishus idear into his Lordship's honnerd hed.

Sum great Feelosofers has remarked that you can allers form sumthink like a correct idear of the amount of branes in a Publick Assembly, by the preporition of ball deds among 'em, as it is the hactivity of the brane as wares off the hare. Judging the New Counsellors by this standpoint I shoold say as they compares werry unfaveraly with the Ouse of Commons where the habesnoe of hare is remarkabel.

The Counsel broke up about 7 a clock, and most on 'em drove away directly ether in their own private Carriages or Cabs. But a considerable number lingered about jest as if they thort as the grand

Old Copperashun might poesserly ask 'em to dinner, and it woodn't have bin at all a bad idear for the new Fust Commoner to have invited 'em to a nice snug little dinner at the Gildhall Tawern. There's nothink like a hinterchange of good wishes over a glass or two of good old wine to smooth away diffrences and make things generally plessant, and it must naterally have caused jest a leetle feeling of gelyosy to arise in the buzzums of at any rate sum of the New Counsellors, to think that they was leaving the old Home of Ospitality without so much as a stirrup cup to elp 'em on their long weary pilgrimage to Bethnal Green or Berrmonsey. ROBERT.

THE NAGS' TALE.

A REPRESENTATIVE gathering of London horses has just taken place (in response to an urgent "whip") to consider the state of the streets, and to support the action of the horse-owners and horse-lovers who recently met at the Barbican Repository to debate the same subject.



Light and Leading.

A Bay Mare proposed that their respected friend, the Sorrel Nag, having once had the honour to run in the Derby Race (*cheers*), should occupy the Chair.

The proposal was voted by acclamation.

The Sorrel Nag, on taking the Chair, begged to thank his assembled friends for the honour they had done him.

He supposed every horse present understood the object of the meeting. (*Cries of "Yes, yes!"*) He believed a gathering had recently taken place in the City, at which some very sensible opinions were expressed as to the execrable state of the London pavements. (*Cheers.*) After all, men could not know so much about that sort of thing as horses themselves. Men laid the pavements, and horses used them. It was the horses that slipped—the men only whipped. (*Laughter, and cheers.*) He would now invite suggestions from any horse present. (*Cheers.*)

A Cab Horse, whose name failed to reach the reporters, in a lively and humorous speech, described the awful condition of asphalt when greasy. The wood pavement was little better. What was wanted was scouring when muddy, and this scouring could take place at night. (*Cheers.*) If that were done, and gravel strewn in slippery weather, they would have very little to complain of. (*General cheering.*)

A Brewer's Dray Horse hoped his presumption—"No, no!"—in rising to address such an aristocratic assembly of horses would be pardoned. He knew he was called clumsy, but then he was very strong. (*Cheers.*) What he could not understand was, why the Authorities insisted on laying wood or asphalt at the bottoms of hills, just where a horse's real collar-work began. (*Cheers.*) He would rather sacrifice his oats any day than have to go up Ludgate Hill in a greasy thaw. (*Sympathetic cheering.*)

A Spirited Roan said he noticed that the City people were going to form themselves into a Standing Committee to watch the state of the roads. The Horses who had to use the roads were a falling Committee. (*Laughter.*) He thought it was very appropriate that the Authorities to appeal to about the slimy nature of the pavements should be the Commissioners of Sewers. (*More laughter.*)

A Piebald remarked that he should like to say a few words about shoes, which he feared were a necessity of what was called civilisation. He had recently had to change his shoe-maker—

The Chair-Horse, interposing, remarked that he thought they must keep off the subject of shoes; to which the Piebald replied that the difficulty was to keep them on. (*Laughter.*)

A Bus Horse said that what he chiefly complained of was having too heavy a load behind him. To expect two horses to drag a cumbersome machine uphill and down dale, with an average of twenty passengers constantly in it or on it, was sheer cruelty. (*Cheers.*)

Another Bus Horse said in the Company to which he belonged, the horses were well treated. (*"Oh!"*) He meant what he said. He would never condescend to draw what was called a "Pirate," belonging to some needy private jobber, who could not afford to treat his animals properly. (*Cheers, and "Question!"*)

A vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had taken part in the City meeting being proposed, the Chair-Horse requested those present to signify their assent in the usual manner, by holding up their hoofs.

The Vote being carried without a single neigh, the audience then dispersed to their respective stables.



A Turn for the Turf (a sketch by Horse-lie).



HARDLY CONSISTENT.

Brown (to Smith). "UGH! THERE GOES JONES, AS USUAL, WITH A CROWD OF ADORING DUCHESSES HANGING ON HIS LIPS, AND GROVELLING AT HIS FEET, AND FOLLOWING HIM ALL OVER THE ROOM! HOW DISGUSTING IT IS TO SEE A MAN OF GENIUS TOADYING THE ARISTOCRACY LIKE THAT!"

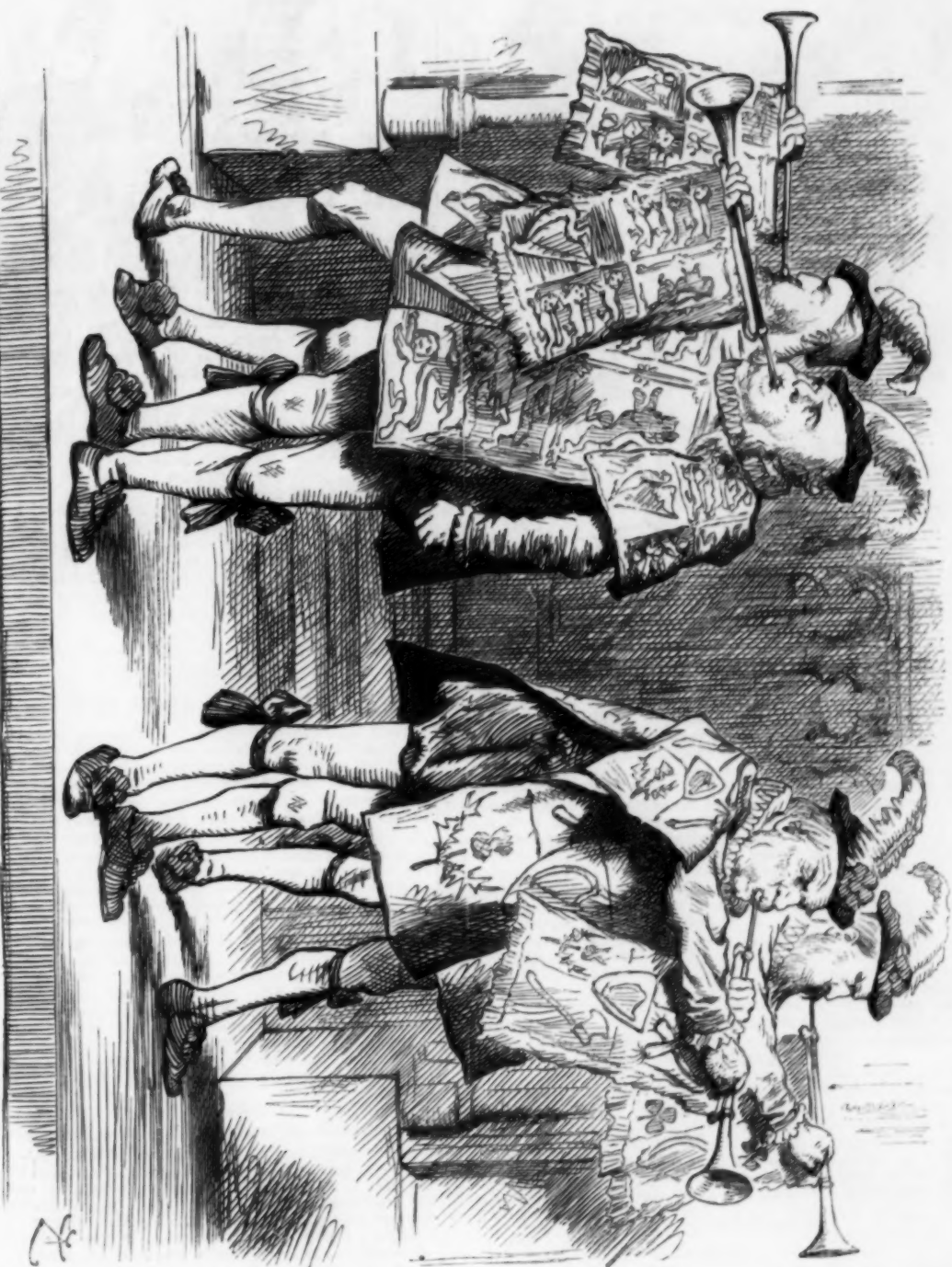
"A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!"

SOUND an alarm, ye brazen trumpets, sound,
And call the brave, the eager brave, around!
Of an old lay the latest of new versions.
Twang! Tootletoot! List to the fourfold bray!
How mighty heralds multiply to-day,
And how increase alarums and excursions.
Time was when trumpets twain sufficed to rally
Two rival hosts. They twangled musically,
Competing horns in well-set antiphony.
But now four-square to the four winds they blow
Conflicting blasts, loud, gentle, fast, and slow,
Cacophonous and querulous of tone.
The Jewish ram's-horns blew in unison
Round Jericho, but this strange four find fun
In harshly hurtling forth discordant shindy.
One wonders much what stable party-wall
Will be the first to totter and to fall
At this sonorous summons wild and windy.
The public tympanum has long been strained
By vigorous *reveilles* that have rained
All the recess in ceaseless *charivari*
From brazen lips and loudly-braying throats,
Till sense has wished the noodles and their notes,
With other nuisances, at—well, Old Harry.
Bugles and penny-trumpets silence now
Before the rousing right official row
Of the four heralds in their motley tabards.
Now hurrying hotly up, the rival hosts
Will tumble with loud tumult to their posts,
Maces will lift, and swords will fly from scabbards.
Tan-ta-ra! Tory SMITH, that herald sleek,
Sounds an advance that is not wild or weak;
So think at least the troops that heed its summons.

Toot-toot! That seems a friendly echo on
The brazen bass of Herald HARTINGTON,
Big-lipped, the steadiest twangler in the Commons.
Hark! *Tirra-lirra!* Surely that is not
The silver clarion of Sir LANCELOT;
'Tis strident, strong, a blast to fret and frighten.
See, see, the Grand Old Trumpeter, with lips
Full-puffed, and nervous tremulous finger-tips,
Is blowing stoutly, like a Grand Old Triton.
No want of wind! Some hold there's overmuch,
And that the ancient stately truth of touch,
Famed in old tourney days, has now diminished;
But blow he can, like Boreas, and will blow
Until the tourney's issue all men know,
Or the old Herald's fiery course is finished.
And in his rear what blast is that which blown
Appears to blend and mingle with his own?
The harp upon the tabard 'scutcheon only!
Yes, 'tis the new Hibernian Herald, he,
Whose *tirra-lirra* has so little glee,
Who, fixed amongst the four, yet looks so lonely.
Blow! Blow! Alarums and Excursions soon
Will follow. 'Tis a more than doubtful boon,
This innovation of the Fourfold Flourish.
Blow! Blow! But, Heralds all, remember pray
Your business is not *all* brazen bray
Wisdom on wind alone you cannot nourish.

SCARCELY FIRST CHOP.—Count HERBERT BISMARCK, to judge from his demeanour towards ambassadors and others with whom he is brought in contact, exhibits himself in the character of a chip of the old block. A chip that (if rumour is to be believed) has recently been cut.

THE MOST CONSCIENTIOUS ALDERMAN.—Miss CONS, of course!



GWA/11 J's

“A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!”

(“ALARMS, EXCURSIONS,” &c., &c.)



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Cautious Craner. "Hi! I SAY! WHAT 'S THE OTHER SIDE?"

Sporteman (just landing). "YOU ARE!"

VERY CIVIL LAW.

In the course of the prosecution of PATRICK MOLLOY for perjury a witness of the name of DELANEY was examined, and informed the Court that he was "a convict undergoing penal servitude for life," for having conspired to murder Mr. Justice LAWSON. A little later Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS, the most courteous of Counsel, had occasion to recall this misguided and luckless individual, when the following dialogue is reported:—

"Mr. MATTHEWS: I think, DELANEY, you wish to make a correction in your evidence. You said on Friday that you had not seen the prisoner from the year 1882 until you saw him in the dock here, when you gave evidence. Is that so?—Witness: No. I saw him in Holloway Prison."

"Where you are at present detained?—Yes."

"Where you are at present detained" is delightful, and suggests reflections of the pleasantest character. Why should we not be polite with our prisoners? After all, harshness is a relic of barbarism. We have it on the authority of OVID that the polish of social life "*Emoluit mores, nec sinit esse ferus*," and surely the Bench and the Bar should lay the lesson to heart. Instead of the usual painful conclusion to the more serious trials at the Central Criminal Court, which commences with "Prisoner at the Bar," and ends with "mercy on your soul," why should we not have something like the following?—

SCENE—The Old Bailey.

The Audience are awaiting the delivery of the Sentence.

Judge (assuming his black cap). Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, will you favour me by kindly standing at that Bar for a few moments—I will not inconvenience you for many seconds. Thank you. I must ask your pardon for wearing my hat while you remain uncovered, but the fact is this Court is terribly draughty, and I find that even my wig is not a sufficient protection against the chance of my taking a sudden chill. Coughs and colds are so very prevalent at this inclement season of the year. Hem! I am sure we are very much obliged to you for giving us so little trouble. Thanks to you, the evidence upon which the jury have founded the verdict they have just delivered is of the clearest possible character, and they have had no difficulty consequently in arriving at a just conclusion. I am sure that you will wish to join with me and the LORD MAYOR who

sits on my right in offering them our sincerest recognition of their valuable services. I will not weary you with the details of a matter in which you have taken a prominent part, and with which, therefore, you are equally conversant as myself. It is my duty, however,—a duty which is at once a pain and yet a pleasure,—to inform you that the law requires certain formalities to be observed which I am convinced will meet with your entire approbation. On leaving the particular portion of the Court which has been graced with your presence on this most interesting occasion, you will be invited to return to the apartments you have recently occupied. You will find that my worthy friend, the Sheriff, has studied your comfort by providing a handsome carriage and pair for your convenience. It is heartily at your service, and I hope you will have a pleasant drive. A little later, the Sheriff will call upon you and submit other arrangements in contemplation, for your consideration. I have no doubt everything will be entirely to your satisfaction, and—you will pardon the innocent pleasantry—that enough rope will be given to you. We must not be too strict with persons like yourself, accustomed to have their own way. In conclusion, believe me, you have my earnest desire for your future happiness. I must now reluctantly say adieu, as we both have engagements that require immediate attention—moreover, I am unwilling to trespass further upon your goodness. I have the honour to wish you a pleasant afternoon.

[Raises cap, bows, and exit.

Surely this would be an improvement upon the present painfully disagreeable formula. Perhaps Mr. Justice HAWKINS (who has not unfrequently taken a part in proceedings somewhat similar to those to which we have referred) might like to inaugurate the new régime? His Lordship is never wanting in courtesy, even now. Were he to advance in the direction we have indicated, we feel sure that, in a very short time, it would be a genuine pleasure for all of us to hang upon his every word.

Chess 50!

[Dr. KING, Bishop of LINCOLN, is about to be tried for ritualistic practices.]

WHAT, going to try the great Bishop of LINCOLN?
A terrible thing for a layman to think on.
Their game? Oh! it's not an unusual thing,
A Bishop to move to give check to a KING.



SO VERY LIKELY!

"SHALL I TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE DAWG WHILES YOU RE A SHOPPIN', MISS!"

DOWN SOUTH.

Villa Rouge-gagne, Monte Carlo, Feb. 14.

CHEER ET CARO MONSIEUR PUNCHIO,

HERE at 9.30 A.M., having just finished my early chocolate and my fragrant cigarette *per easier felice*—the adjective reminds me of what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM said when, after telling her nephew not to smoke in the dining-room, she found him with what he called "a fragrant weed" in his mouth, so that, as she said, "I caught him in *fragrante delicto*"—but this quite "en parson," as the waiter said when he saw his white tie reflected in a looking-glass—here I am, sitting out amid the orange and lemon trees, feeling myself making part of a Burne-Jones picture, in summerish attire, under a sunshade, looking out on to the blue Mediterranean, down on to the hot and dusty road to Nice, and up at the saffron-coloured tiles and the pale white-and-yellow walls of the Citadel of Monaco. It is too hot to walk much—except, presently, down hill, as far as the terrace of the Casino—so I prefer to bask beneath the pleasant verandah while I read the day before yesterday's *Times*, which recounts how London is in difficulties, as usual, with the snow, how the sun has shone fitfully, for a few minutes at a time, during the day, and, in a general way, how beastly the weather is everywhere but here.

On Monday we had our share of wind, for there was what Mrs. RAM terms "a Minstrel," which raised blinding clouds of dust, and one minute you were hot, and the next you were cold, the whole entertainment "presenting," as the dear old lady above-mentioned says, "a complete illustration of one of ALLSOP'S Fables about the Sun, the Wind, and the Traveller." But to-day life is worth living,—and it would be still more so if one could look back without regret to the result of last night's *roulette*, when I lost quite fifteen francs, or could anticipate with certainty the successful issue of planking down the maximum on a single number,—and, at the present moment, life would be perfectly enjoyable, if two dirty raffish-looking troubadours, with a couple of guitars, had not invaded the gardens, and commenced a serenade. Where are the police? Where is the army of Monaco? They don't expect police, but they do expect "coppers." And I shan't be happy till they get them. Their style and manner reminds me of the Derby Day, and of the itinerant musicians whom one sees

outside public-houses in London, pursuing their calling, or rather, their bawling. I fancy under the influence of a Franco-Italian sky I am dropping into poetry. "It's the fine weather brings them out," says our confidential waiter at the Hôtel Windsor, "*Comme les oiseaux au printemps*," which is small compliment to the birds.

Everybody here, in this wonderful Casino! Many who, I imagine, must be neglecting their professional duties "to serve tables." Some excellent people would like to see each of these tables a "*tabula rasa*," but where's the special and particular harm, any more, that is, than in horse-racing, card-playing, Stock Exchange speculation, or any other form of gambling?

Perhaps all gambling is bad,—I don't say it isn't, and I certainly am far from saying it is,—but why is this particular form of it at Monte Carlo to be denounced as so utterly monstrous?

"Why," says some one to me, "notice the faces round the tables! Look at the people! Did you ever see such a set? Look at the women, regard the men! The Demon of Play has seized them all! It is a Pandemonium!"

"Quite so," I reply, "and by the way I observe several distinguished English Statesmen and highly respectable English ladies in that crowd—and—and—as the red hasn't turned up for the last four times, I shall put on *les quatre premiers*, and on red—excuse me." And turning to apologise to my companion for interrupting his flow of moral conversation, I find I am addressing myself to a perfect stranger, and that my virtuous friend has contrived to get a seat, and has his money on in four different places. The Mediterranean is blue, the oranges and lemons are yellow, the sun shines brightly, the air is exhilarating—health before everything by all means. But at Monte Carlo—as in Denmark where there was something rotten in the state *tempore Hamletto*—"the play's the thing"—*il n'y a que ça—rien ne va plus*—and so I finish my brief correspondence just to let you know where I am. Well, I am on the four first, the middle dozen, and red. I sign myself yours truly, singing—

MONTE CARLO IS MY NAME!"

P.S.—I have returned from the Casino. Yes. The gambling ought to be stopped. The weather is chilly. I will have the fire lighted. Such a fire! Only wood—no coals. Bah! Why come here for health and change of climate? Isn't good honest snow and muck in England, and no sun, better than losing 500 francs in three-quarters of an hour? And to think that if I had only put on the *quatre derniers*, instead of the *quatre premiers* (as I did), I might have won something fabulous. I shall send for my bill. Where's a cheap restaurant? Shall I have one turn more at the tables? Well, just one. To-night.

P.S. No. 2.—Lovely night! Beautiful moon! Stars magnificent! Such an atmosphere! Who would stop in England, and, above all, in smoky London, if they could only get out here? Let me see; I'll just empty out my pockets—750 francs; that leaves me 250 to the good. After all, there's no harm in gambling; merely *pour passer le temps*. And then the place is so healthy! Why, one can be up till two in the morning, and take anything and everything, and smoke any amount, without feeling the effect. The air is so exhilarating. Shall stay here a few days more. Shall I play again? that is the question. At present I am inclined to say, *Monsieur, faites votre jeu! J'y suis!* I send you this as a sort of diary just to show you what good the climate here is doing to

Yours truly,

M. C.

Those Happy Japs!

(Mem. by a Parliamentary Cynic.)

AND so, without riot or revolution, Japan has got a brand-new Constitution, The which, according to quidnunc and quaker, Was the one lack in the great land of laquer. From the Mikado's rule to true M.P.-dom Is a long stride in the great March of Freedom. Our western progress is more slow and breezy. Those Japanese do take it Japanese! They've taught in Art (though some that as an error rate) Next they will teach us how to job and perorate!

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."—Running away from the Policeman.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of TOBY. R.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—New Session opens to-morrow; old one seems to have closed only yesterday. Time coming when we shall refuse to make two bites at cherry, and, meeting on 1st of January, shall adjourn on Christmas Eve, as we did last year. Found OLD MORALITY here taking last glance round before battle begins. Looks plump and pleasant. Has laid in new stock of copy-book headings, a few culled from foreign languages.

"A little more flowery some of them," he said, affectionately turning over leaves of stout note-book, "but I fancy they'll fit in." "Heard you were not coming back," I said. "Reported that you were going a step higher to consort with the Barons of England."

"Well, if you listen attentively you may hear a good deal of me that is not actually consonant with truth. Never was any foundation for this particular fable. Shall never desert the Commons until they wear me out."

Glad to hear this. OLD MORALITY not as brilliant as DIZZY, nor as eloquent as GLADSTONE. But everybody likes him, and wishes him luck in the new Session.

Business done.—Going to begin.



WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SIXTH EVENING.

HEAR what the Moon told Mr. Punch:—"I knew an Ant some time ago. He belonged to the class of worker Ants, though he had been too much disturbed in his mind of late to attend to his duties. Often of a night, when I was at my full, and all the other ants in the hill were busily engaged in their various labours, he would come to the entrance of the ant-hill, and gaze up at me with sorrowful, hard, bright eyes. Frequently the other Ants would follow, and endeavour, by striking him with their antennae, to recall him to the work he was born to perform—but he heeded them not. He complained bitterly that the whole universe was in league against him. Many a time has he reproached me for what he called my 'cold and passionless serenity'—and yet I could not help it," the Moon said, plaintively, "and I was really sorry for him. For a long time I did not know the reason for his unhappiness—I thought it was what in Germany is called '*Welt-schmerz*,' or despair over problems in life which his intelligence was powerless to solve. This is not uncommon among the more thoughtful Ants, and is a very sad thing to witness, because there is no certain cure for it.

"However, it was worse even than this, as I learnt a few nights ago. It was not to me, after all, that he confided his sad secret, though I happened to be shining when he unburdened himself to a Soldier Ant who was on sentinel duty at the gates. They conversed, of course, by touching one another with their antennae, but I understood them quite well. From what passed, it appeared that this unhappy Ant was indeed to be pitied. He was suffering, as he said himself, from the pangs of hopeless love, an attachment for one so far removed from him in station that any return was impossible. The Sentinel was a rough old warrior, and I thought he might have shown more sympathy. Females, such was his opinion, were not worth so much fuss being made over them; he recommended the other to 'be an Ant,' and forget his infatuation, but this, the Civilian Ant declared, was out of the question while he lived. Then, gathering courage, he disclosed who it was that was the object of his passion; and I myself grew pale as I heard, for I could not have imagined such audacity. When I have told you, it will be your turn to be shocked. You may even disbelieve it, though it is quite true—the object of this misguided lover's attachment was no less a personage than the Queen of the Ant-hill herself! With antennae that were quivering with emotion, he described how he had first beheld her, sitting in the State Apartment, surrounded by pupae and eggs, and how he had never been the same Ant since. Yes," said the Moon, thoughtfully, "I have seen many lovers in my time, some of whom were in much the same position. I have seen ANTONY at the feet of CLEOPATRA, I have heard the lutes of RIZZIO and of CHASTELARD—but that poor, humble, labouring Ant showed a passion more really volcanic than any I had ever witnessed before. He absolutely rolled in the dust, and bit his hind legs in the agony he suffered, though the Sentinel remained unmoved by it all, and, as soon as the hapless lover had grown calmer, summoned the guard, and informed them of his monstrous presumption. Next I saw that they marched back through the gates into the Ant-hill with the labourer Ant between them—a prisoner. The whole affair must have been kept very secret," concluded the Moon, "for, up to the present time, I have not seen a word about it in any of your papers. Yet I should like to know his fate, for I have not been so interested in anything I have seen for a very long time."

IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

(Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

On bleak Bayonne
No sunlight shone.

At Biarritz
Wild hailstorm-fits.

At Jean de Luz
Fur coats we use.

A peep at Spain
Blinded with rain.

At crested Pau
Shut in by snow.



Drifting to Lourdes;
By fog immured.

At Arcachon
Re-rained upon.

And at Bordeaux
A gale did blow.

My box I pack,
And hurry back,

Never to roam
Again from Home.

THE Curse of Koshio, by the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. *Curse-o'-Koshoo!* Sounds like a sneeze, doesn't it? But, anyway, this is not a book to be sneezed at. It is an original story, treated in an original manner, which is mighty refreshing in these days, when most novelists run in the same groove. It is a thrilling romance, written in Japan, with real Japanese sensation, properties and scenery painted on the spot. It is a genuine Japanese story, which is not, to an untravelled chap, an easy task to write—a capital bit of Japanese lacquer, which should not lack a large number of readers.

THE IMPROMPTU ARMAMENT.

A Lay of the Gunless Fleet.

"It has been circumstantially stated, that at least 15 great war-ships are useless for purposes of defence or attack, because they are without guns."—*Universal Review*.

"It's as fine a fleet as you'd put to sea,
If you come to measure by steam and tons;
But you see, my Lord, it's no use to me,
If it ain't got none of them blessed guns!"

It was a rough old Admiral who spoke,
And then a muffled oath or two he swore.
The First Lord smiled. He recognised the joke.—
The French in force were threatening the Nore.

For war had on a sudden been declared,
And things had gone,—well, just a little wrong.
In fact *Whitehall* had not been quite prepared,
Although on paper they had come it strong.

The Channel somehow had been deftly cleared:
And now the sole force left, the foe to meet,
Was, as the evening papers truly "feared,"
These fifteen vessels of the Gunless Fleet!

And so the First Lord thought it out a bit.
"Look here," he cried, "Don't fear. We'll see you through,
You'll have your ships all right and trim and fit;
And this is all, you know, you'll have to do.

"Behind the Horse Guards—there, two guns you'll find;
They mayn't, perhaps, prove quite the proper sort—
But take 'em. Then a third I've in my mind,
At Margate, by the flagstaff on the Fort.

"On Ramsgate pier you'll find a couple more.
If of their size you're going to complain,
Well, go to Mr. HARRIS. He's a store,
And p'raps might lend you some from Drury Lane.

"If you want more, there's some cracked thirty-twos
They'll let you have, at Portsmouth, I'll be bound.
So, though if not quite up to modern views,
Your fleet in guns won't be half badly found!

"So set about your work without delay!"
The Admiral responded, "Yes, my Lord!"
And gloomily went on his darkened way,
And, in low spirits, got his guns on board.

They had but one a-piece. He shook his head
As he, in tears, surveyed the sorry sight:
And then he called his Captains, and he said,—
"D'you know, I think, we didn't ought to fight.

"But here's my orders sealed." He looked them o'er,
Then shook his head again. "It's all no go!"
He cried—"we've got to stop 'em at the Nore!
So follow, Mates; I'm off to meet the foe!"

Then they set sail. They hadn't far to run
Before they met the foe, and did their worst,—
Which wasn't much, for every British gun
That day, soon as they fired it, straightway burst.

And so the Frenchmen triumphed down the line,
Sank half the fleet, and took the rest in tow;
Sailed up the Thames, crushed Woolwich by a fine,
And with a shot or two laid Greenwich low.

And when the *Times* came out next day and moaned
In three long leaders o'er the "base defeat,"
And let the First Lord have it hot, and groaned
At his shortcomings with his "Gunless Fleet;"

Until it stirred the mob, who then and there,
Determined jobbery should have its fall,
Dragged the First Lord from his official chair,
And lynched him on a lamp-post in Whitehall.

Rough justice, p'raps—but still it served its turn;
For to the Board the revelation came,
That this new lesson they might have to learn,—
That public trust was not a party game!

And since that day each First Lord has relied,
The chances of invasion to prevent,
On ships with proper ordnance supplied—
And not on an "*Impromptu Armament!*"

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BEST AND CHEAPEST.

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POUDRE D'AMOUR

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A Toilet Powder combining every desideratum,
Hygienic and Cosmetic, for beautifying and softening
the skin. It will be equally welcomed by all
for imparting a most natural finish to the
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Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant
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In three tints; Blanche for fair skins, Naturelle
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LIQUID POWDER & PASTE

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Leaves the mouth in a state
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Elixir Dentifrice, 1s. 4d. 6d., and 1s. 10d.

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Wholesale only, 41, FRIAR STREET, LONDON, W.

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REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH

GAMBRIC

Pocket Handkerchiefs.

Stamps and Price Lists, post-free,

per dozen:—

Children's 1/6 Hemstitched:—

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To the Queen and the Empress

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LEA & PERRINS beg to draw attention to the fact that

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WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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"Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester,

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After constant use of them for nearly 3 months

(although the work has been sometimes of an

exceptionally heavy kind), I have broken only three

needles, and draw back the thread through the

slit only about as many times.—A. B. Brighton"

Sample packet free from Washford Mills, N. 4d. ch.

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This delicious Liqueur, which has

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Merchants throughout the Kingdom, and at a con-

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Indigestion, and Tim-

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